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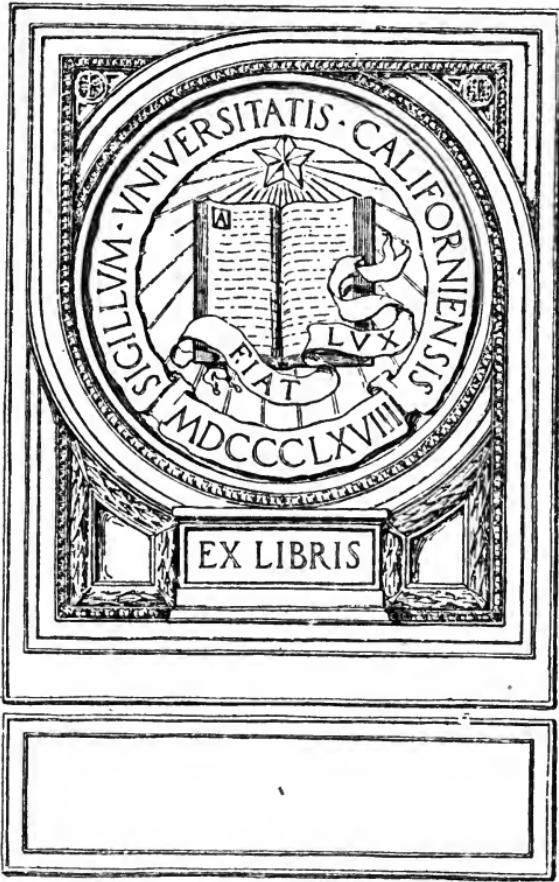
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ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

JULES CAMBON

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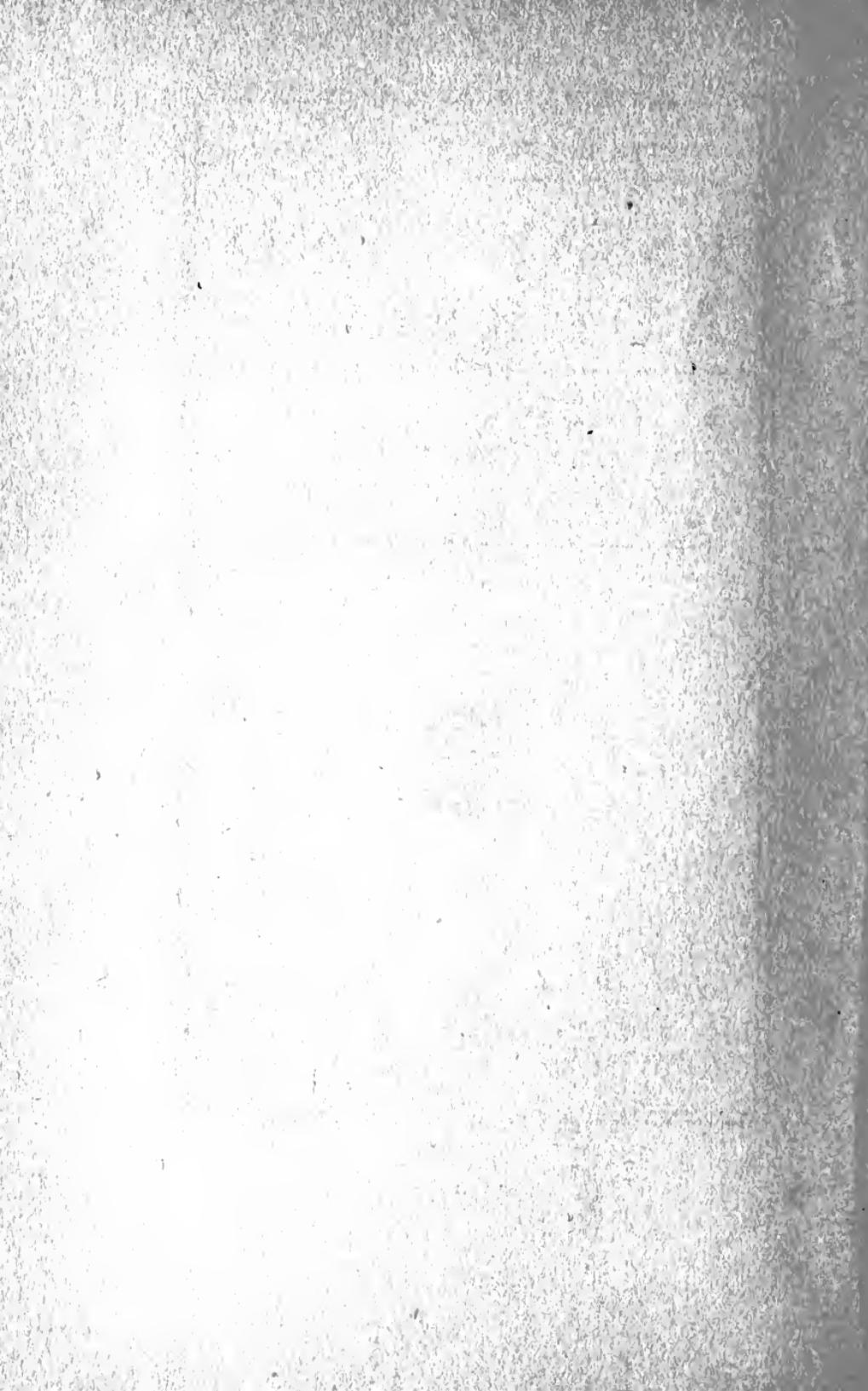
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ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES



FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES

BY JULES CAMBON

AMBASSADOR OF FRANCE
TO THE UNITED STATES



D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK 1903

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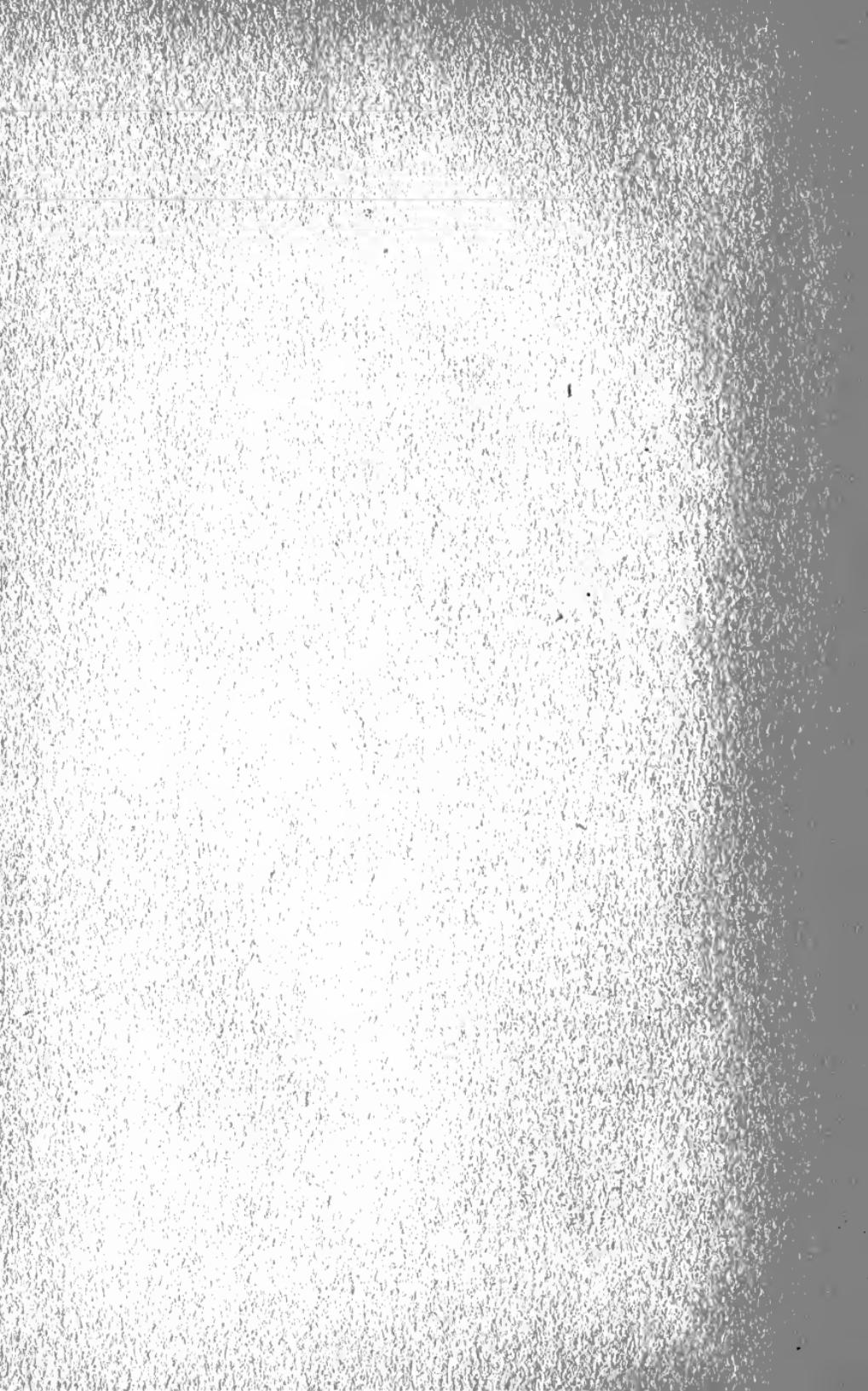
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PIERRE LOTI'S ICELAND FISHERMAN*

THE first appearance of Pierre Loti's works, twenty years ago, caused a sensation throughout those circles wherein the creations of intellect and imagination are felt, studied, and discussed. This author was one who, with a power which no one had wielded before him, carried off his readers into exotic lands, and whose art, in appearance most simple, proved a genuine enchantment for the imagination. It was the time when M. Zola and his school stood at the head of the literary movement. There breathed forth from Loti's writings an all-penetrating fragrance of poesy, which liberated French literary ideals from the heavy and oppressive yoke of the Naturalistic school. Truth now soared on unhampered pinions, and the reading world was completely won by the unsurpassed intensity and faithful accuracy with which he depicted the alluring charms of far-off scenes, and painted the naïve

* This Essay is the Introduction to Pierre Loti's "Iceland Fisherman," published in "A Century of French Romance." D. Appleton & Co.

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soul of the races that seem to endure in the isles of the Pacific as surviving representatives of the world's infancy.

It was then learned that this independent writer was named in real life Pierre Viaud, and that he was a naval officer. This very fact, that he was not a writer by profession, added indeed to his success. He had actually seen that which he was describing, he had lived that which he was relating. What in any other man would have seemed but research and oddity, remained natural in the case of a sailor who returned each year with a manuscript in his hand. Africa, Asia, the isles of the Pacific, were the usual scenes of his dramas. Finally, from France itself, and from the oldest provinces of France, he drew subject-matter for two of his novels, *An Iceland Fisherman* and *Ramuntcho*. This proved a surprise. Our Breton sailors and our Basque mountaineers were not less foreign to the Parisian drawing-room than was Aziyadé or the little Rarahu. One thought to have a knowledge of Brittany, or of the Pyrenees, because one had visited Dinard or Biarritz; while in reality neither Tahiti nor the Isle of Pâques could have remained more completely unknown to us.

The developments of human industry have brought the extremities of the world nearer together; but the soul of each race continues to cloak itself in its own individuality and to remain a mys-

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terry to the rest of the world. One trait alone is common to all: the infinite sadness of human destiny. This it was that Loti impressed so vividly on the reading world.

His success was great. Though a young man as yet, Loti saw his work crowned with what in France may be considered the supreme sanction: he was awarded a membership in the French Academy. His name became coupled with those of Bernardin de St. Pierre and of Chateaubriand. With the sole exception of the author of *Paul and Virginia* and of the writer of *Atala*, he seemed to be one without a predecessor and without a master. It may be well here to inquire how much reason there is for this assertion, and what novel features are presented in his work.

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It has become a trite saying that French genius lacks the sense of Nature, that the French tongue is colourless, and therefore wants the most striking feature of poetry. If we abandoned for one moment the domain of letters and took a comprehensive view of the field of art, we might be permitted to express astonishment at the passing of so summary a judgment on the genius of a nation which has, in the real sense of the term, produced two such painters of Nature as Claude Lorrain and Corot. But even in the realm of letters, it is easily seen that this mode of thinking is due largely to insufficient

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knowledge of the language's resources, and to such a study of French literature as does not extend beyond the seventeenth century. Without going back to the Duke of Orleans and to Villon, one need only read a few of the poets of the sixteenth century to be struck by the prominence given to Nature in their writings. Nothing is more delightful than Ronsard's word-paintings of his sweet country of Vendôme. Until the day of Malherbe, the didactic Regnier and the Calvinistic Marot are the only two who could be said to give colour to the preconceived and prevalent notion as to the dryness of French poetry. And even after Malherbe, in the seventeenth century, we find that La Fontaine, the most truly French of French writers, was a passionate lover of Nature. He who can see nothing in the latter's fables beyond the little dramas which they unfold and the ordinary moral which the poet draws therefrom, must confess that he fails to understand him. His landscapes possess precision, accuracy, and life, while such is the fragrance of his speech that it seems laden with the fresh perfume of the fields and furrows.

Racine himself, the most penetrating and the most psychological of poets, is too well versed in the human soul not to have felt its intimate union with Nature. His magnificent verse in *Phèdre*,

“Ah ! que ne suis-je assise à l'ombre des forêts !”

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is but the cry of despair, the appeal, filled with anguish, of a heart that is troubled and which oft has sought peace and alleviation amid the cold indifference of inanimate things. The small place given to Nature in the French literature of the seventeenth century is not to be ascribed to the language nor explained by a lack of sensibility on the part of the race. The true cause is to be found in the spirit of that period; for investigation will disclose that the very same condition then characterized the literatures of England, of Spain, and of Italy.

We must bear in mind that, owing to an almost unique combination of circumstances, there never has been a period when man was more convinced of the nobility and, I dare say it, of the sovereignty of man, or was more inclined to look upon the latter as a being independent of the external world. He did not suspect the intimately close bonds which unite the creature to the medium in which it lives. A man of the world in the seventeenth century was utterly without a notion of those truths which in their ensemble constitute the natural sciences. He entered the threshold of life possessed of a deep classical instruction, and all-imbued with stoical ideas of virtue. At the same time, he had received the mould of a strong but narrow Christian education, in which nothing figured save his relations with God. This twofold training elevated his soul and fortified his will, but wrenched him violently from

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all communion with Nature. This is the standpoint from which we must view the heroes of Corneille, if we would understand those extraordinary souls which, always at the highest degree of tension, deny themselves, as a weakness, everything that resembles tenderness or pity. Again, thus and thus alone can we explain how Descartes, and with him all the philosophers of his century, ran counter to all common sense, and refused to recognize that animals might possess a soul-like principle which, however remotely, might link them to the human being.

When, in the eighteenth century, minds became emancipated from the narrow restrictions of religious discipline, and when method was introduced into the study of scientific problems, Nature took her revenge as well in literature as in all other fields of human thought. Rousseau it was who inaugurated the movement in France, and the whole of Europe followed in the wake of France. It may even be declared that the reaction against the seventeenth century was in many respects excessive, for the eighteenth century gave itself up to a species of sentimental debauch. It is none the less a fact that the author of *La Nouvelle Héloïse* was the first to blend the moral life of man with his exterior surroundings. He felt the savage beauty and grandeur of the mountains of Switzerland, the grace of the Savoy horizons, and the more familiar elegance of the Parisian suburbs. We may say that

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he opened the eye of humanity to the spectacle which the world offered it. In Germany, Lessing, Goethe, Hegel, Schelling have proclaimed him their master; while even in England, Byron, and George Eliot herself, have recognised all that they owed to him.

The first of Rousseau's disciples in France was Bernardin de St. Pierre, whose name has frequently been recalled in connection with Loti. Indeed, the charming masterpiece of *Paul et Virginie* was the first example of exoticism in literature; and hereby it excited the curiosity of our fathers at the same time that it dazzled them by the wealth and brilliancy of its descriptions.

Then came Chateaubriand; but Nature with him was not a mere background. He sought from it an accompaniment, in the musical sense of the term, to the movements of his soul; and being somewhat prone to melancholy, his taste seems to have favoured sombre landscapes, stormy and tragical. The entire romantic school was born from him, Victor Hugo and George Sand, Théophile Gautier who draws from the French tongue resources unequalled in wealth and in colour, and even M. Zola himself, whose naturalism, after all, is but the last form and, as it were, the end of romanticism, since it would be difficult to discover in him any characteristic that did not exist, as a germ at least, in Balzac.

I have just said that Chateaubriand sought in

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Nature an accompaniment to the movements of his soul: this was the case with all the romanticists. We do not find René, Manfred, Indiana, living in the midst of a tranquil and monotonous Nature. The storms of heaven must respond to the storms of their soul; and it is a fact that all these great writers, Byron as well as Victor Hugo, have not so much contemplated and seen Nature as they have interpreted it through the medium of their own passions; and it is in this sense that the keen Amiel could justly remark that a landscape is a condition or a state of the soul.

.

M. Loti does not merely interpret a landscape; though perhaps, to begin with, he is unconscious of doing more. With him, the human being is a part of Nature, one of its very expressions, in the same manner as animals and plants, as mountain forms and sky tints. His characters are what they are only because they issue forth from the medium in which they live. They are truly creatures, and not gods inhabiting the earth. Hence their profound and striking reality.

Hence also one of the peculiar characteristics of Loti's workers. He loves to paint simple souls, hearts close to Nature, whose simple passions are singularly similar to those of animals. He is happy in the isles of the Pacific or on the borders of Senegal; and when he shifts his scenes into old

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Europe it is never with men and women of the world that he entertains us.

What we call a man of the world is the same everywhere; he is moulded by the society of men, but Nature and the universe have no place in his life and thought. M. Paul Bourget's heroes might live without distinction in Newport or in Monte Carlo; they take root nowhere, but live in the large cities, in winter resorts and in drawing-rooms as transient visitors in temporary abiding-places.

Loti seeks his heroes and his heroines among those antique races of Europe which have survived all conquests, and which have preserved, with their native tongue, the individuality of their character. He met Ramuntcho in the Basque country, but dearer than all to him is Brittany: here it was that he met his Iceland fishermen.

The Breton soul bears an imprint of Armorica's primitive soil: it is melancholy and noble. There is an undefinable charm about those arid lands and those sod-flanked hills of granite, whose sole horizon is the far-stretching sea. Europe ends here, and beyond remains only the broad expanse of the ocean. The poor people who dwell here are silent and tenacious: their heart is full of tenderness and of dreams. Yann, the Iceland fisherman, and his sweetheart, Gaud of Paimpol, can only live here, in the small houses of Brittany, where people huddle together in a stand against the storms

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which come howling from the depths of the Atlantic.

Loti's novels are never complicated with a mass of incidents. The characters are of humble station and their life is as simple as their soul. *Aziyadé*, *The Romance of a Spahi*, *An Iceland Fisherman*, *Ramuntcho*, all present the story of a love and a separation. A departure, or death itself, intervenes to put an end to the romance. But the cause matters little; the separation is the same; the hearts are broken; Nature survives; it covers over and absorbs the miserable ruins which we leave behind us. No one better than Loti has ever brought out the frailty of all things pertaining to us, for no one better than he has made us realize the persistency of life and the indifference of Nature.

This circumstance imparts to the reading of M. Loti's works a character of peculiar sadness. The trend of his novels is not one that incites curiosity; his heroes are simple, and the atmosphere in which they live is foreign to us. What saddens us is not their history, but the undefinable impression that our pleasures are nothing and that we are but an accident. This is a thought common to the degree of triteness among moralists and theologians; but as they present it it fails to move us; it troubles us as presented by M. Loti, because he has known how to give it all the force of a sensation.

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How has he accomplished this?

He writes with extreme simplicity, and is not averse to the use of vague and indefinite expressions. And yet the wealth and precision of Gautier and Hugo's language fail to endow their landscapes with the striking charm and intense life which are to be found in those of Loti. I can ascribe for this no other reason than that which I have suggested above: the landscape, in Hugo and in Gautier's scenes, is a background and nothing more; while Loti makes it the predominating figure of his drama. Our sensibilities are necessarily aroused before this apparition of Nature, blind, inaccessible, and all-powerful as the Fates of old.

It may prove interesting to inquire how Loti contrived to sound such a new note in art.

He boasted, on the day of his reception into the French Academy, that he had never read. Many protested, some smiled, and a large number of persons refused to believe the assertion. Yet the statement was actually quite credible, for the foundation and basis of M. Loti rest on a naïve simplicity which makes him very sensitive to the things of the outside world, and gives him a perfect comprehension of simple souls. He is not a reader, for he is not imbued with book notions of things; his notions of them are direct, and every-

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thing with him is not memory, but reflected sensation.

On the other hand, that sailor-life which has enabled him to see the world, must have confirmed in him this mental attitude. The deck officer who watches the vessel's course may do nothing which could distract his attention; but while ever ready to act and always unoccupied, he thinks, he dreams, he listens to the voices of the sea; and everything about him is of interest to him, the shape of the clouds, the aspect of skies and waters; he knows that a mere board's thickness is all that separates him and defends him from death. Such is the habitual state of mind which M. Loti has brought to the colouring of his books.

He has related to us how, when still a little child, he first beheld the sea. He had escaped from the parental home, allured by the brisk and pungent air and by the "peculiar noise, at once feeble and great," which could be heard beyond little hills of sand to which led a certain path. He recognised the sea: "before me something appeared, something sombre and noisy, which had loomed up from all sides at once, and which seemed to have no end; a moving expanse which struck me with mortal vertigo; . . . above was stretched out full a sky all of one piece, of a dark gray colour like a heavy mantle; very, very far away, in unmeasurable depths of horizon, could be seen a break, an

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opening between sea and sky, a long empty crack, of a light pale yellow." He felt a sadness unspeakable, a sense of desolate solitude, of abandonment, of exile. He ran back in haste to unburden his soul upon his mother's bosom, and, as he says, "to seek consolation with her from a thousand anticipated, indescribable pangs, which had wrung my heart at the sight of that vast green, deep expanse."

A poet of the sea had been born, and his genius still bears a trace of the shudder of fear experienced that evening by Pierre Loti the little child.

Loti was born not far from the ocean, in Saintonge, of an old Huguenot family which had numbered many sailors among its members. While yet a mere child he thumbed the old Bible which formerly, in the days of persecution, had been read only with cautious secrecy; and he perused the vessel's ancient records wherein mariners long since gone had noted, almost a century before, that "the weather was good," that "the wind was favourable," and that "doradoes or gilt-heads were passing near the ship."

He was passionately fond of music. He had few comrades, and his imagination was of the exalted kind. His first ambition was to be a minister, then a missionary; and finally he decided to become a sailor. He wanted to see the world, he had the curiosity of things; he was inclined to search for

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the strange and the unknown; he must seek that sensation, delightful and fascinating to complex souls, of betaking himself off, of withdrawing from his own world, of breaking with his own mode of life, and of creating for himself voluntary regrets.

He felt in the presence of Nature a species of disquietude, and experienced therefrom sensations almost colourable: his head, he himself states, "might be compared to a camera, filled with sensitive plates." This power of vision only permitted him to apprehend the appearance of things, not their reality; he was conscious of the nothingness of nothing, of the dust of dust. The remnants of his religious education intensified still more this distaste for the external world.

He was wont to spend his summer vacation in the south of France, and he preserved its warm, sunny impressions. It was only later that he became acquainted with Brittany. She inspired him at first with a feeling of oppression and of sadness, and it was long before he learned to love her.

Thus was framed and developed, far from the literary circles and from Parisian coteries, one of the most original writers that had appeared for a long time. He noted his impressions while touring the world; one fine morning he published them, and from the very first the reading public was won. He related his adventures and his own romance. The question could then be raised whether his skill

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and art would prove as consummate if he should deviate from his own personality to write what might be termed impersonal poems; and it is precisely in this last direction that he subsequently produced what are now considered his masterpieces.

A strange writer assuredly is this, at once logical and illusive, who makes us feel at the same time the sensation of things and that of their nothingness. Amid so many works wherein the luxuries of the Orient, the quasi animal life of the Pacific, the burning passions of Africa, are painted with a vigour of imagination never witnessed before his advent, *An Iceland Fisherman* shines forth with incomparable brilliancy; something of the pure soul of Brittany is to be found in these melancholy pages, which, so long as the French tongue endures, must evoke the admiration of artists, and must arouse the pity and stir the emotions of men.

THE RELATIONS OF DIPLOMACY TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF INTERNATIONAL LAW, PUB- LIC AND PRIVATE

GENTLEMEN:

There are few callings in this world which are more misunderstood by the public than that of a diplomat. It is readily assumed by a number of persons that ambassadors are but the official representatives of sovereigns or of republics, appointed to serve on all occasions of international courtesy. Others, on the contrary, seem to fancy that the affairs of this world are set in motion by mysterious springs of action, and that the nations are pitted against one another in a sort of never-ending conspiracy; that, consequently, diplomacy, in its essence, is but intrigue, pure and simple. It would be difficult to conceive a grosser error. The Prince of Talleyrand, a man who was perhaps the most illustrious diplomat of the last century, and who more than any other combated these mistaken notions, said, in the last address which he delivered before the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in Paris, on March 3, 1838: "Diplomacy is

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not a science based on duplicity and cunning. If good faith is anywhere a requisite, it is particularly so in political transactions, for on it the latter depend for their solidity and their lasting effectiveness. Reserve has been confounded with cunning. Good faith never authorizes cunning, whilst it admits of reserve; and the peculiar characteristic of reserve is that it increases confidence."

The Prince of Talleyrand knew better than any one else what is calculated to ensure the prestige and authority of a nation's representatives, and the part played by him in the history of the world must inspire confidence in the principles of conduct laid down by him for the guidance of diplomats. The role of diplomacy, therefore, is not that usually ascribed to it by the uninitiated; and I shall attempt to define it for you to-day.

It is a fact that, in antiquity, diplomacy was, so to speak, unknown. Mankind, at that stage of its own development, recognized but two conditions: the one, of the conqueror; the other, of the vanquished; they had no conception of rights entailed in the relations of a weak State with a strong one. When Rome dominated the universe, the only beings left across the borders of its vast empire were more or less barbarous tribes, with whom she was ever at war, or whose chiefs were her simple vassals.

It was in the Middle Ages, at that troubled period when countless races of diverse origins came

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into contact and conflict with each other in Western Europe, that an influence born of a common faith, the influence of Christianity, awoke these tribes to the consciousness that there existed between them some bond of society. Then was formed what became known as Christendom; and the Crusaders themselves were but the expression of a general sentiment which animated all Christian nations.

Little by little, order emerged from chaos. All the scattered elements crystallized, so to speak, into a certain number of nations which assumed the leadership of humanity. These nations themselves soon vied with one another for supremacy; the spirit of rivalry which gained ground in the fifteenth century, and the conflicts which arose in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, between the House of France and the House of Austria, showed that it was necessary, for the peace of the world, to establish equilibrium between the Powers of Europe. This it was that prompted the great Pope Sixtus V to favor the setting up in France of Henry IV in opposition to the king of Spain, Philip II.

Thus was born among the nations a sort of tacit society; and just as there exist laws in the heart of each State to govern the relations of citizens among themselves, so in this society of nations were evolved rules which soon constituted International Law.

This was the time when appeared the first diplo-

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mats, those great princes and those great ministers which have founded modern Europe. Diplomacy, therefore, took birth concurrently with international law. Its fundamental duty is to enforce respect for the latter's provisions and to foster their continuous development, thereby rendering essential service to the advancement of civilization.

It is true that the rules of international law seem to be devoid of sanction. Frederick the Great, in his guiding instructions given to the Academy of Nobles in Prussia, wrote: "The teacher shall warn the young that, as international law is lacking in coercive power to enforce the observation of its tenets, it is but an idle phantom invoked and paraded by rulers in their decrees and manifestoes, even whilst it is being violated by them."

The great Frederick affected scepticism in matters of international law. But the conclusion is unwarranted, that because a law may be broken, therefore, it does not exist. We find a sanction to international law in that public sentiment which henceforth impels each combatant, at the opening of every war, to seek to throw on his adversary the responsibility of attack. There are even more practical sanctions than those which rest on public opinion. We have seen neutral powers unite, in case of conflict between two nations, to protect the rights of their own citizens; while in the Orient the civilized Powers have frequently combined to enforce

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respect from still barbarous nations for the rights of humanity.

Hence the function of diplomacy is to maintain those international principles which constitute the guarantee of these rights, and thereby to strengthen the social bond which links together the nations of the world.

This has been its persistent endeavor. I shall not enter here upon a detailed list of all the Congresses, each one of which has contributed its piece of masonry to the present edifice of international law; but I may cite more or less recent instances of this fact:

In 1855, after the war in the Orient, representatives of all the European Powers were brought together by a Congress held in Paris. Little remains to-day of those events which brought about this Congress, of the encounters, of the sacrifices of human life and of money caused by a protracted war; but this Congress has left its trace on international law; it abolished letters of mark and reprisal, a remnant of those days when war was as much a matter of private as of State concern.

And now, quite recently, we have heard the Conference called together at The Hague by the generous initiative of H. I. M. the Czar of Russia, proclaim a few new principles the full portent of which, perhaps, is not altogether understood at this date, but which, little by little, are des-

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tined to become engraved on the conscience of humanity.

It has extended to naval warfare the protection thrown about the wounded by the convention of Geneva; it has specified, and, therefore, restricted, the rights of belligerents in land operations. It has decided that the choice of means of inflicting harm on an enemy is not unlimited, and it has named a few which it stamped with condemnation. It has set a safeguard around the population's interests within a territory occupied by the enemy. It has established a permanent arbitration tribunal, thus affording a regular and peaceful means of settlement of all conflicts threatening to arise between the nations. I take pleasure here in rendering homage to my colleague and friend, Lord Pauncefote, who was one of the promoters of arbitration between States and who took so active a part in this Conference at The Hague.

Finally, The Hague Conference has decided that an offer of mediation on the part of one or of several foreign Powers, in a case of impending war between two nations, should never be considered as an unfriendly act. In moments of crisis, with the war clouds gathering, patriotism becomes sensitive; and we have seen nations looking with distrust, not to say taking offense, at friendly interventions which sought to avert the rupture. The duty of diplomacy, which personifies the spirit of

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society among nations, was on the contrary—and we must be gratified that it was so proclaimed by The Hague Conference—to leave nothing undone to prevent war before it broke out between friendly Powers, just as it is likewise its duty to do everything, once war has been declared, to shorten its duration and to attenuate its horrors.

Furthermore, war and peace are not the only questions arising between States. As civilization progresses, the ties which bind nations, as well as men, together, become more complex, and thus it is that for half a century, diplomacy has been occupied in concluding a number of treaties, which constitute temporary laws, between all or a number of civilized States.

I shall cite the Postal and Telegraphic Conventions, those which created a monetary union between various Powers and those which aim at the protecting of industrial, commercial, literary or artistic rights.

And here we enter upon a new order of questions, I mean those which concern private interests and the relations between nations as to the application of their private laws to foreigners.

It was a dream, to suppose, as had supposed Rousseau and his school in the eighteenth century, that man was a sort of purely reasoning being, identical in all countries, to whom might be applied universal rules drawn not from experience and tra-

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dition, but from the theories of philosophers. Pascal had justly declared: "There is nothing, whether just or unjust, which does not change in nature with a change of climate. Three degrees elevation from the pole upset the whole of jurisprudence."

And Montesquieu thought like Pascal when he wrote: "It is so essential that laws be well adapted to the country for which they are made, that only by the greatest chance could those of one nation be suitable for another."

Hence, while we are free to admit common rules in the domain of public law, we are forced to acknowledge that nothing is more mutable than private law.

The role of diplomacy here is to understand the divergence of these laws, which corresponds to the difference in manners, to seek to reconcile these varying laws and thus to endeavor to protect the rights of private parties even in a foreign land.

France was the first to enter upon this field. As early as the eighteenth century, in the year 1760, she had concluded with Sardinia a treaty which allowed the execution in our country of judgments rendered in Sardinia, provided that the latter be not contrary to public order, that they had been rendered by a competent tribunal, and that the defendant had been duly summoned.

In 1832, the French government and the German powers along the Rhine, imbued with the same

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spirit, created a mixed tribunal for the settlement of such difficulties as might arise in connection with navigation on that river.

In 1869, a treaty was concluded between Switzerland and France, authorizing the execution in each country of judgments duly rendered in the other.

These liberal views, which rest upon the mutual trust felt by governments in the spirit of justice which animates their tribunals, are not yet shared by all nations; but we may hope that they will soon receive general acceptance.

It may be said with truth that in certain countries the very mode of their organization creates at times unexpected obstacles to the carrying out of international agreements; and, if I may here be permitted to make a suggestion regarding the United States, I beg to call to your attention how the individual rights of the States, which make up the United States, at times complicate the task of the government at Washington in its relations with foreign powers. General treaties concluded with the United States have been found to be but partly enforceable owing to the peculiar legislation of certain States.

Thus are foreign powers brought face to face with this dilemma—either not to treat at all, or to negotiate with one who is only partially qualified.

It seems that since the States can have no indi-

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vidual intercourse with foreign powers, the federal government, which alone possesses the right to negotiate on their behalf, should be empowered to see to the complete execution of the agreements which it has made.

We must aim at destroying all those barriers between civilized nations which maintain between them a certain indefinable spirit of latent hostility—a lingering vestige of the old barbarism. In times of war we must seek to improve the condition of private individuals to a still greater degree than has been done by The Hague Conference. Private property should receive the same protection in naval as in land warfare, and you will, I am sure, agree with me that the maintenance of prize laws takes from the combatants that attribute which does them the most honor, that of disinterested sacrifice in their country's cause.

Much still remains to be done; each day sees the nations grow more considerate of one another in their mutual intercourse. It is a notable fact that, after the recent happenings in China, France returned to the Chinese government the works of art which had been shipped to her, while President Roosevelt has just restored to China a sum of \$376,000 which had been seized in Tientsin. Such generous proceedings would have greatly astonished our ancestors. The function of diplomacy is to bring forth from the universal conscience those

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common principles which the onward march of civilization makes it possible to introduce into the practical intercourse of nations. It is in this manner that international law, public and private, is evolved and determined, while jurisconsults later on reduce it to specific rules.

And thus diplomacy prosecutes its true task, which is destined to become more complex as the relations between States become closer. It must never espouse the passions, nor join in the outbursts of pride or enthusiasm which blind nations no less than individuals. It took birth nearly four centuries ago, from the need felt by the Christian powers to preserve among themselves a certain equilibrium, and it safeguards the rights of the weak and the respect of individuals. By so doing it discharges its true and elevated mission, which is to be the instrument of the world's peace and liberty.

A TRUE VIEW OF FRANCE*

GENTLEMEN:

I am happy to have this opportunity of expressing to the students of Columbia University the very keen interest which we take in France in the development of American Universities. My friend Mr. Cohn, who directs here with so much zeal and learning the Department of Romance Languages, represents in this institution the French spirit and French erudition. He is laboring to establish a bond of union between the Universities of France and those of the United States. He is right, and we would gladly see many of our young men visit America with a view to acquiring from you something of that spirit of initiative which is characteristic of the American youth.

On the other hand, you will permit me to say that I should like to have a few among you, who may be interested in high degrees^{*}of culture, visit our French universities, in Paris, in Lyons, in Grenoble for example, where special courses are set

* Address delivered at Columbia University, New York, on April 18th, 1900.

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apart and reserved for foreigners. They would find there professors tried and experienced, a course impregnated with the scientific traditions of several centuries, and they would acquire a taste for disinterested studies and pursuits. The tendency in the United States (and this explains one of the causes of the country's magnificent industrial development) is to study principally those branches of human knowledge which are susceptible of practical application; but pure Science should also have its place in a great people's thoughts. Without her the spirit of invention must soon degenerate into mere ingenuity on the part of clever practical workers. Though this be not immediately apparent, it is the search for scientific truth, with no other end in view than the discovery of this truth, which proves the most fruitful of results. Our immortal Pasteur never derived any benefit for himself from his discoveries; but his works have none the less enriched the world, they have none the less revolutionized industry and found innumerable applications.

Should a few among you go to Paris, they would discover that this city, which is frequently spoken of here as "gay Paris," is one of the most laborious cities in the world. They would go into our universities, into the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, into the École des Chartes and the School of Mines, into the School of Fine Arts. They would

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find all these liberally opened to foreigners, and it would not take them long to realize all the activity and life of our schools, all the modesty and depth of our most illustrious professors.

But I am above all desirous that they should visit the provinces, see our ancient cities which in olden days were capitals themselves, and most of which to-day, in spite of the uniformity of our centralized political organization, lead a local and independent life whose originality only becomes manifest to those who dwell long enough therein. Here, in the United States, the character itself of your government has left to each State its political individuality and its own mode of life: but the sudden and almost simultaneous creation of your towns, together with the extraordinary quickness of their growth, have made it impossible for them to differ much from one another in exterior aspect; and this fact always strikes a man who comes here from our old European countries, where each city has matured by a process of slow formation and whereupon each passing century has left its own distinctive mark. In France, for example, the provinces have lost all political individuality, but every city bears its own peculiar stamp and character. I will mention to you Lyons, the second city of France. Here are stone monuments which date back from the Augustan period, and you will find inscribed on antique bronze the very speech deliv-

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ered by the Emperor Claudius before the Senate of Rome when he petitioned for the rights of a Roman city on behalf of his countrymen the inhabitants of Lugdunum—a discourse which, as you know, has also been handed down to us by Tacitus.—Its institutions too are ancient: its public charity fund was endowed and its main hospital was founded by a Frank king of our first dynasty, the Merovingian,—and the deeds given by the barbarian prince Theodebert to the public Charitable Association still remain its first charter.

And now, side by side with institutions and monuments, you will obtain a near view of French society, of the genuine French society, which is so conservative and so difficult to penetrate into. You will succeed in doing this last, however, and you will be invited to take your seat by the hearth of our ancient families, for with us the word “hearth” corresponds precisely with your “home,” and we find therein a strangely stirring suggestion, evoking as it does before our minds the image of father, mother and children meeting together and gathering around the hearth, seeking, tasting and enjoying by the warm glow of the fire the soft and sweet intimacy of life in common.

The French family life is closely, jealously guarded from outside intrusion; in our middle classes and among our small tradesmen the wife takes a hand in all of the husband’s occupations;

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she finds in this her honor and her dignity; while there exists between the mother and her sons a sort of tender, loving friendship which adds a new element to maternal devotion and mingles with the respect shown by children to their parents a charming and graceful familiarity. It is an ever new spectacle for Americans in France, to behold on Sundays Frenchmen of all classes, save alone those who belong to international circles, promenading with their children. We consider that the family is, so to speak, an association, in which every member has rights, even the day's new-born babe; and this is why by our laws the father may only dispose of a small part of his fortune and cannot completely disinherit his children; while, should he fall into want, the courts may compel his children to furnish him all that he needs in order to live in a respectable manner.

Our provincial Frenchman is not usually bold in his enterprises; but he possesses a quality which is always a great source of strength: he is economical. He thinks of and provides for the morrow, and is ever upbuilding that enormous fortune of France which astonishes and excites the envy of foreign financiers.—He cultivates in his modest mode of life charming virtues of simplicity and grace; he is fond of moderation in everything, in ambition as well as in pleasure, and it may be that in this he is only practicing the true philosophy

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of a life which he means to enjoy. This man, who is often accused of nervousness and impatience, is satisfied, too easily satisfied, with a small employment; he does not like to undertake too much. He is quick to rail at strong imaginations and mistrusts experiments. Assuredly very few of them have read either Montaigne or Voltaire; yet it is probably necessary to consult these authors in order to acquire a correct notion of the average ideal of the French.

If you desire to know provincial life in France and to discover what it is that renders it somewhat narrow at the same time that it makes it delightful, you must read Balzac, and, among the writers of the present day, M. Bazin. Mr. Bazin's novels are in nowise similar to what is so erroneously spoken of in this country as a French novel: young women everywhere may read and enjoy them, and I must state in passing that I regret their being so little known and read in America.

This provincial life, unoccupied and void as it sometimes becomes, affords to men of studious tendencies all the leisure which they desire. I know that I shall scandalize you somewhat by singing the praises of leisure: thank Heaven, you are not of those who look upon work as a burden; but yet to labor at one's profession or trade is not everything. There is another work which is no less essential: it is that of reflexion and thought, which permits

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and fosters the development of the moral being that we are and which we must remain. One would think indeed that certain people in this world take life for nothing but a race-course, forgetting that the prize to be won is not outside of ourselves, that there are other things to achieve besides the amassing of wealth, and that it is less important to cause a stir around us, than, as Voltaire said, to cultivate our own private garden.

Go then to visit France; you will be benefitted and interested by it, if you know how to see her as she is.

I, for my part, have frequently noticed in my European travels how little they on the other side know of America;—I have often noted in America how little was known of actual Europe. It is right that these false impressions be corrected; and this should prove all the more simple of accomplishment because, in my judgment, there exist between the French and American peoples far more points of contact and far more sources of affinity than is ordinarily suspected. A Parisian tailor told me one day that two women alone in the world knew how to dress: the French and the American. This remark will perhaps impress you as frivolous; I consider that it is on the contrary very significant. If two women whom all circumstances combine to hold apart, distance, education, social atmosphere, possess the same tastes, it must be that they obey the

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same sentiments, and that they are linked together by some secret community of tie, by similar aspirations. All things have their significance; and the part played by women is too dominant in this world for the affinities which unite them not to exist likewise between the two social bodies which they adorn.

Permit me, young gentlemen, in closing these few remarks, to place the brief suggestions which I have given you under the patronage of these women of France and of America of whom we have just spoken. I am convinced that these fashionable, educated women, who are also interested in things of the mind, and whose role is so commanding in American society, would remind you, as I do myself, that the youth of ancient Rome, rich and powerful though it was, journeyed to Athens to acquire Attic grace and to hear and profit by the conversations of academic gardens.

FRANCE AND THE FORMATION OF THE AMERICAN IDEAL*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I must begin by making a confession. Once I had accepted this invitation to speak before you, it seemed to me that I had acted imprudently, for, to be frank, I did not know on what topic I would entertain you. I could not talk literature to you,—for that is not my profession; it was equally impossible for me to talk to you politics, for this is indeed my profession.

However, as I looked for a subject, it occurred to me that, representing France as I do in this country, I could not do better than to call your attention briefly to the part which that nation has played in the moulding of an American ideal. The suggestion of communicating to you my conclusions on this point arose from an observation which I read in Mr. Bryce's handsome work on the American Commonwealth. This eminent writer, while paying tribute to the activity and energy displayed by the

* An address delivered at the Alliance Française in Boston,
March 24th, 1901.

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French race in the discovery of most of North America and in the conquest of those regions which to-day constitute the great American West, seems struck by the small part of influence which this race has preserved in the social life of the United States. I believe that Mr. Bryce is correct if you view the situation only from the political standpoint; and as the mechanism of political society in the United States formed the main subject of his analysis, his remark is justified to a certain degree. It becomes erroneous, however, if we look at things from the moral point of view.

We must note that, in order to judge of the moral influence exerted by France in the world, one must first of all know and understand the French character; and I am free to admit that the French do all in their power to dissimulate it from strangers. We delight too much in veiling our good points and in exhibiting the others.—I remember meeting one day your eminent artist, Mr. Gibson. I took the liberty of asking him why it was that when he wished to represent English life he depicted scenes from the fashionable London world, while his reproductions of French life were restricted to scenes which emanated from cafés and from low places of amusement which no Frenchmen of distinction would ever think of frequenting.—“Well,” was Mr. Gibson’s reply, “I have drawn that which you exhibit to us when we visit Paris. You do not

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permit us to enter your homes.”—This is true, and it is to be regretted. There exists no social organization more jealously guarded than French society for there is no country wherein the family is more closely knit together.

The extreme liberty manifest in a certain portion of our literature enhances that impression.—It is often made the standard by which one judges of the intellectual production of France, overlooking the fact completely that this particular kind of literature is intended for a particular public and, we must say the word, for the foreign tourists whom it delights.

Finally, an excessive sense and fear of the ridiculous and a certain hatred of that Pharisaism which to us is at once as the most miserable and the most selfish of by-plays, make us quite willing to appear more wicked than we actually are.—Louis XIV, speaking one day of his nephew, the Duke of Orleans, the future regent, whom they were criticizing before him, said that he was “a parader of vice.” The French indulge frequently in this parading exhibition: there are others who plume themselves on being paraders of virtue, but I am not certain that a probing of their conscience would prove them to be much superior in this respect.

It must be borne in mind that one who aims to understand the true nature and character of the French spirit must observe and study its perma-

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nent manifestations:—first of all, he must feel the genius of that which is its most intimate expression and its very form, our language. What are the predominant characteristics of the French tongue, that tongue of which Voltaire could affirm that the lack of clearness in any phrase constructed therein must inevitably stamp it as incorrectly written? They are clearness, simplicity, logic in the orderly arrangement of words, which is emblematic of logic in the conception of ideas; and lastly, a unique power and force of analysis. Hence in our literature the preeminence of moralists, the abundance and brilliancy of memoirs and of collections of correspondence. Who is there that could be compared with La Rochefoucauld, with St. Simon, with Mme. de Sévigné or with the du Deffand?—I do not believe that any other country has produced a Racine who sounded all the mainsprings of the human soul and of the feminine heart, who described and reproduced their every movement and who suppressed from his dramas all scenery and external incidents: The development of passion forms his exclusive study and his theatre is systematically denuded of everything which might please the eye or divert the imagination: this is why Racine, the most perfect of our poets, remains the most unintelligible and the most inaccessible to foreigners.

Nor do I believe that any other language could have furnished Voltaire his most powerful weapon.

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His dialectic remains still unrivalled in precision and clearness, while with him passion appears reasonable and reason is twice reason, so far is this marvelous writer from seeking after effect.

If now we pass from the domain of literature into the field of art, and particularly of painting,—since it is only from the greater manifestations of intellectual activity that we can define the spirit of a race and the measure of influence that it exerts on the world—what do we find? The same phenomena, flowing from the same cause. From Clouet to Poussin, from David to Puvis de Chavannes, French tradition perpetuates itself almost without interruption. It brings into the reproduction of forms a precision, a clearness, a conscientiousness which fall little short of actual severity. This we must realize in order to fully appreciate the lofty significance of the words spoken by one of our greatest masters, Mr. Ingres, who claimed this sincerity, this conscientiousness as an honor and who said, summing up in one expression all the tendencies of our genius: “Drawing is the probity of art.”

The same may be said of sculpture; but here the very conditions under which the artist labors, the precision to which he is compelled by the working of marble, the nature of his resources which deprives him of the occasionally deceptive possibilities of colors, and leaves him naught save the reality of form, all these facts which make of sculpture an art

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wherein all must be settled and determined, have combined from the Middle Ages to the present to make it one especially well adapted to our peculiar qualities; and it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction that no School of Sculpture, since the Italian school of the 16th century, has surpassed or even rivalled the French School, that of Houdon, of David d'Angers, and of Falguière.

And if you take up our architecture, you will find there also, whatever be the epoch, a manifestation of the same genius. The cathedral of Chartres, the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, are undoubtedly the two most wonderful masterpieces of Gothic art in the Middle Ages. Study these, and you will find that, amid the general movement of a style of architecture than which no other perhaps was ever more varied or more constantly productive of picturesque details of form, the genius of our old masters stamped them also with the spirit of the race. The purity of design, the simplicity of conception, and the precision, the clearness of effect in these great edifices can only be compared, in another architectural field, with the purity, with the simplicity and with the precision of the Grecian temples. If now you look down through the vista of years as far as the 18th century, you will note that the same characteristics differentiate the Trianon of Louis XV and the Naval edifice of the Place de la Concorde from the "rococo" German style of the same period

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which then flourished in Dresden. We do not appreciate crooked lines.

Finally, we may leave these arts which have long been thought exclusive in their power to retain the attention of artists, and we may pass on to one which, though in a sense more ordinary and familiar, is none the less one of the most delicate arts and one of the quickest to take on the mark of a people's tastes. Let us consider the art of furniture designing. Do we not find its most perfect expression in what we call the Louis XVI style of furniture? The line is straight and clear; the surfaces are not surfeited with adornments; the whole general grace of design in no way detracts from the solid impression and we have never beheld in a familiar object a more perfect blending of dignity with convenience and comfort, of simplicity with brilliancy.

Yes, you may take a tragedy of Racine, a thought culled from La Rochefoucauld, a letter from Voltaire, a drawing by Ingres, a fresco by Puvis de Chavannes, a piece of furniture from Gouthières or a French cathedral, you will in all these find a proof of the same origin, a trace and the seal of the same genius.

Such stable qualities and such persistent characteristics could not fail to manifest themselves also in all other functions of human activity, and you

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will readily assume that France, in the domain of Religion, in the realm of Philosophy, in the political field and even in her history, has given proof of the same precision, of the same logic, of the same ambition to clearly express the conceptions of her mind, and hence to give them immediate embodiment in facts.

We may, if you wish, take as an example the great movement of the Reformation.—Luther, in Germany, builds on princely props, while the English reformation dons something of a royal and political nature which results mainly in an adulteration of its essential character.—But in France the new spirit finds its exponent in an humble chorister of the cathedral of Noyon: the style of his written composition (for with us the artist must survive even in the most austere religions) commands a place for him among the masters of the language; his thoughts are so nakedly expressed, his conclusions are so logically deduced, and his purpose to carry them out in practice is so uncompromising, that he is in a sense driven to found on the shores of Lake Leman a republic of his own wherein he may practice his doctrine; and the most radical, to use a modern expression, the most radical of all promoters of the Reformation is, and must be, the Frenchman Calvin.

France, for many reasons too numerous to inquire into here, could not but remain Catholic; but

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it seems that within the very unity of Catholicism the Gallic Church has earned for itself a place pre-eminent and apart, thanks to the grace and judgment of a St. Francis of Sales, as well as to the extraordinary genius of a Bossuet, whom some have denominated the last of the Fathers.

France, moreover, in the 17th century, was the birthplace and cradle of Jansenism, the most austere and, without a doubt, the most excessive manifestation of religious thought. The stern abbé of St. Cyran was the founder of that Port Royal which figures so prominently in the history of religious ideas, and which became the rendez-vous to which gathered, for a nearer approach to the Sovereign Judge, all the notable personalities of France in that great century, from Pascal to Racine and to the Arnaulds themselves.

Even in more recent times France has proved by far the most active and the most energetic field for that religious revival which, in the first third of the last century, reacted everywhere so powerfully against the materialism of the 18th century. In France again, reappeared those religious congregations which time had tainted with corruption, but which now resuscitated the mystic spirit of the Middle Ages. I shall not speak to you of the tortures inflicted on himself by a Lacordaire, offering up to God in his lonely cell the punishment of his body and the humiliation of his genius.

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Indeed, when I recall the great names of religious history in France,—and how few of these have I enumerated,—may I not feel astonishment at the frivolous reputation which is given us, and am I not justified in concluding that frivolous critics alone can entertain this view of us?

And as the logical bent which we have just demonstrated impels the Frenchman to body forth into his own acts his ideas and his faith, it follows that France is more productive of good works than any other nation. The Orient is filled with our hospitals and schools. We are taunted with incompetency to colonize the world industrially; but, as was justly observed by the celebrated Austrian diplomat, Mr. de Hubner, in the recital of his travels around the globe, we colonize it morally by our works of charity. Do you know—perhaps you are not aware of the fact—that of all teaching and charitable institutions in these United States the French establishments are the most numerous? In no city do I fail to miss our Little Sisters of the Poor, our Sisters of Providence, our Christian Brothers, and we open our schools here to more than 400,000 of your little girls.

But I beg you to leave now these manifestations of the French religious spirit, and to join me in an inquiry whether the characteristics of our race do not likewise find expression among our philosophers. You will recognize them in all of the latter,

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and this is why France has always excelled all other nations in her number of learned men devoted to the higher mathematics.

We may head the list with the greatest of all, with a man whose name marks the origin of the evolution of human thought during the last two centuries. I refer to Descartes. Nothing could be clearer, from the very first perusal, or could appear more simple than his imperishable Discourse on Method; nothing could be written in a more even style, or could be more free from that mist of heavy metaphysical expressions in which others are apt so frequently to envelop their philosophy. With a potency of logic from which it is impossible to escape, the master begins by eliminating absolutely from the equation the whole range of his learning; he descends into himself; he probes his own consciousness, and upon the latter, as upon the only solid substantial foundation, he constructs the entire edifice of human knowledge.—The whole deduction flows as of its own accord, and beneath this apparent simplicity lies the greatest logical effort and lurks the source of the greatest intellectual evolution that the world has ever seen.

The encyclopedists of the 18th century are the degenerate offspring of Descartes' mind; and in our own day, when indeed churches are frequented but men, for the majority, live in practice as though they were purely agnostic, we find the human con-

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ception of the world, as entertained by the 19th century, formulated by Auguste Comte, the master who is to number among his pupils Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. This great intellect, however, urged on by this constant need of practical realization which I have already pointed out to you as a peculiar trait of the French turn of mind, was not satisfied with formulating the principles of positive philosophy; he insisted on creating a religion, the religion of humanity, and this strange undertaking appeared to him as the necessary and rational consequence of his work.

I stated to you just now that, in politics as well as in religion and in philosophy, France, by that excess and abuse of logic which takes no consideration either of external facts or of past events, had always sought to make her acts the embodiment of her conceptions. We need look no further for a key to her persistency, at all times, in making war for an idea, and we touch here the very mainspring of the part which she has played, for nearly a century now, as standard-bearer and apostle of the liberal and revolutionary spirit.

We find here also a clue to the origin of the French Revolution:—for just as Descartes had discarded in his mind all ideas and notions proceeding from without himself, so Rousseau in his Social Contract was to discard all human institutions in order to reconstruct society on the assumption of

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a mutual consent; and the people of France, exhilarated by this philosophy, broke violently from their secular traditions — they erected scaffolds thinking in a few days to achieve those principles of liberty, equality and fraternity which are the noble expression of their ideal.

And now, gentlemen, I must acknowledge that in speaking to you of this conception of the absolute in politics, which has characterized and does still characterize the majority of Frenchmen, but which is so far removed from your own conception in the United States, I seem to have strayed far indeed from the proposition with which I began this talk. I beg you, however, to stop a moment, to analyze yourselves and to consider what you are.

Here, in Boston particularly, you are the descendants of those Puritans who came to America when driven out by the Church of England. Now these Puritans, your ancestors, inimical as they were to all hierarchy, were, whether they hailed from Scotland or from England, all connected with Calvin. He was their first master. Hence it is that the French idea of Reformation dominates your own religious conception and is the keynote of its character.—It dominates none the less your political conception: even when you were still attached to the British Crown, it was the republican spirit of Geneva which inspired your institutions and governed your manners. So that in the political no less

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than in the philosophical order, the men who originally contributed most forcibly to the moulding of your institutions had imbibed a strong draught of French influence. Among these were Benjamin Franklin, whose love of our country I need not insist upon here, and above all Jefferson, a close student and earnest disciple of our own philosophic writers, whose every thought and act, whose principles and conduct, whose great deeds and whose errors, whose ultra-democratic internal policy and whose maritime policy abroad, are all impossible of explanation save through the subjection of his mind to the influence of French notions and doctrines: indeed you must have noted yourselves that it would require little effort to assume, even from the stand-point of its style, that the Declaration of Rights had been drawn up by one of the Encyclopedic writers.

It may be that since then, owing to the prevailing role played by New England in the American social system, these analogies which I have pointed out between the French thought and spirit, and the thought and spirit which animated the authors of your Constitution, have seemed to disappear. But they are none the less subsistent; they are an expression of the sentiments cherished by a generality of the American people, and they will again become more manifest as the centre of activity in the United States undergoes a change or modification. I need

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no stronger proof of this than the emancipatory character of your wars. I am not referring merely to your Civil War, wherein was involved the great vital question of Slavery and of the rights possessed by a human being. Reflect upon your last war. The democracy of these United States aroused itself to enthusiasm over the thought of combating to free a whole people; and I know of no other democracy in history than that of France, which yielded to similar outbursts and felt to the same degree this need of stamping its enterprises, in its own eyes and in those of the world, with a character and seal of disinterestedness.

The fact is that there is just about as much reason for calling us Latins, we Frenchmen who are Flemish and Normans, Britons and Basques, we who hail from Savoy and Auvergne, from Burgundy and Lorraine, and who, even in Provence, have nothing Latin save the tongue,—as there is to call you Anglo-Saxons, you who number many less Englishmen than Celts from Scotland and Ireland, than Germans and Italians, and not many more than Frenchmen!

And it is well that you be not exclusively of English origin. Humanity has always progressed through contact and friction between different peoples; even War has had its turn in promoting civilization. It is necessary that various races should unite in a common effort, and should transform and

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fructify their accumulated riches of more ancient civilizations, by contributing each its own peculiar genius, its beliefs, its ideal. Do not forget that the stagnancy from which China has suffered for so many centuries was due precisely to her isolated existence; while Greece and Alexandria, in the days of antiquity, only played the role that history has recorded of them because they were the welding point wherein the Orient and Occident met and were fused together.

France was first, after the fall of the Roman empire, to form a people and to constitute a nation. She derived her vitality and her strength from the fact that she was not merely a new race, as in Germany, nor an ancient race as in Italy, but a combination of all the qualities and traits which these already bore. It was on the soil of France that these races had mingled to be cast into one; and there had sprung from this intimate union a new race which was the French nation, the French spirit, and which was the first of all to open and clear the way for modern civilization.

So shall I prophesy of you, who are now nursing the first offshoots of a new race as well as of a new nation, in which are to blend and to flourish all the resources of all the old races which have combined to colonize your territory.

Now let us consider the moment of history at which we stand. A new day is dawning for hu-

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manity. Never since the discovery of America in the 15th century, has a vaster field loomed up for the development of civilization. While the nations of Europe are taking possession of Africa, the regions of the Pacific and of the Extreme Orient rise up before us as if destined to assume in the destinies of humanity an importance which it seems impossible to calculate. And it appears that in this great movement now beginning you are to be called, by the very force of circumstances, to play the predominating role. The nature and trend of your politics, the consequences of your last war, your economical interests, everything tends to indicate that you will be the first to write upon this page, still white as yet, of the world's history. So that you, who represent all the races of Europe, must now play in the Pacific a part similar to that which was incumbent upon France in Europe, in the first centuries of the Middle Ages.

And here I desire to suggest and to propose the question which, in my humble opinion, is the gravest, the most serious consideration that can occupy the thoughts of persons who reflect in the United States,—the question of knowing, not whether you will become a great empire,—this you are already and you are called to still more luxuriant growth,—but whether, with your future achievements, you will contribute something new to the moral and intellectual heritage of humanity.

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The question is not to ascertain whether or not you will conquer a high place in the political history of humanity, but whether you will gain a prominent place in its heart and in its mind or spirit. The subjects of Xerxes or Darius might look down upon and despise a citizen of diminutive Athens; yet who is there among you that would not rather a thousand times have been that citizen of Athens than have figured among those Oriental hordes that suffered the domination of the master of Persia?

You, who are called to play a new role in history, must determine whether you will play one also in the domain of the Mind; and having now, more than a century since achieved your political independence, you must decide whether or not you will likewise assert your intellectual originality.

I, for my part, feel no apprehension on this point. I do not think that Mr. Bryce is correct when he discerns in American society nothing beyond the influence of English ideas: had he lived in imperial Rome, he would perhaps have denied the influence of Grecian thought, which it is true was not apparent in Roman politics but which nourished with its divine inspiration the soul of Virgil.

And so it is with yourselves: your race is as a solid and sonorous bronze, wherein are molten together coarse as well as precious metals, and which constitutes a new alloy fitted to the important task for which it is intended by the divine Architect

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Who directs the universe. May you therefore remain faithful to your several origins, and you will thus be intellectually, as well as morally, what you actually are ethnologically speaking. You will fail in your mission if you attempt to be but the offshoot of a single tree in the European forest. The winds which for four centuries have propelled so many ships to the American coast have brought you seeds which have taken root in all the fields of mental activity. Let them all bear fruit here! Continue to open the way for German culture and for French culture, and you will thus remain yourselves. You are acquainted with the saying, that we must beware of the man of one book, "timeo hominem unius libri." Be not that man, and then shall the book which you will write yourselves be indeed your own production.

In fact, I feel quite at rest on this point. It is here, in this illustrious city of Boston, that the new and free America was born; it is here that things of the mind are held in the highest honor and esteem; and this is why I have spoken to you so freely of France, and of the intellectual destinies of your own country.

THE CONCEPTION OF A NATION*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Meeting recently the President of the United States, Mr. McKinley, on his return from his extensive journey through the Southern and Western States, I asked him what it was that had struck him most forcibly in the course of his travels. His reply was: "The unity of our national life."

And it is indeed an unusual and surprising spectacle, this youthful land whose inhabitants, for the most part new arrivals on its soil, are already so deeply imbued with that common sentiment which we call the love of country, and derive therefrom that strong and enduring faith which inspires all devotion and welcomes all sacrifices. And as we witness and admire this grateful phenomenon, does not the question immediately present itself to our minds: what is this sentiment that we call national spirit, what is the essence of a Nation? This is a subject which some of the greatest intellects,

* An address delivered at the Chicago University, June 17th, 1901, on the occasion of receiving from the university the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

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Hegel in Germany and Renan in France, have taken an interest in discussing. What is the nature of this bond which holds fast together the members of a given nation? Whence springs this inner, this intimate, this deep and disinterested tie which unites a citizen to his country, not as a sharer in an association of common interests, but as a child to its own family circle?

Shall we find the explanation of national spirit in geographical unity? It had been the assumption of Philip II, when he conquered Portugal, that the unity of the Iberian peninsula not only justified but necessitated the national unity of its various populations; but facts were not long in demonstrating the vanity and rashness of his dream. Portugal has since regained its independence. The link between Sicily and Venetia, in Italy, would be feeble indeed if it were based solely on geographic contiguity; and even here in your own country, it is not easy at first sight to discover the secret of intimate union between such opposite States as Maine, Texas and California. It is clear of course that geographic unity is one of the requisite elements to the forming of a nation, but it does not of itself suffice to create that nation.

Nor is political unity the essence of a nation. The mere fact of existing under one same government does not, properly speaking, carry with it any significance; in the days when Italy was still divided

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into various States, the Neapolitan and the Milanese, the Florentine and the Piedmontese, all denominated themselves Italians; while on the contrary those different nations which people in the Ottoman empire are subject to and obey one and the same master, although they seem in no wise animated with that sentiment of union which constitutes national spirit.

Again, is it Race which constitutes nationality? So thought the men who took part in the European movement of 1848. They likewise assumed that unity of language indicated unity of race, and this is why the revolutionary movement of that period resulted in the formation of the present great unitarian monarchies of Europe. It is a recognized fact that the men of 1848 were essentially lacking in critical sense, and that they rather acted on the impulse of sentimental notions than analyzed the conditions with which they had to contend. If only they had observed and studied France, the oldest and best amalgamated of modern nations, they would have realized that no tie of origin holds together a Provençal and a Briton, a Flemish and a Basque, while the languages spoken by the common people in Aix, in Quimper, in Hazebrouck, and in St. Jean de Luz, are not dialects merely but different tongues, French being considered as the official language and the idiom of polite and cultured society. We must conclude therefore that unity of

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origin and of language, while it may contribute as a factor to the love of country, is not its only foundation and component. And how could it be otherwise, when you witness the birth and rapid growth of this sentiment in the United States, wherein mingle and blend into a single people Germans, Irishmen, Italians, a lesser number of Englishmen and of Frenchmen, besides a thousand diverse nationalities which have been transplanted here from the valley of the Danube and from the Orient.

On the other hand, we must note that while national sentiment existed in antiquity, it did not acquire generality until modern times; in Rome, which carried everywhere her rod of empire, this sentiment was the privilege of that small and confined *élite* which governed the world. I see but the Greeks and the Israelites, before the Christian era, of whom it might be said that they constituted a people. Both have demonstrated the fact that national sentiment survives defeat and dispersion; they have carried with them, wherever driven by the wind of exile, the seed of their forefathers' spirit, and thereby they have endured even beyond the princes and empires which had thought to annihilate them.

We see from this striking example national spirit assuming a defined form. It was not by force of arms that the Greeks and Israelites exerted an influence over the world; it was by the virility

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and strength of ideas; which proves to us that a nation is, above all, a moral being. No, a nation is not based upon geographic conditions, nor upon accidents of government or language; it depends on a community of thought, of belief, of traditions and of hopes; it is a series of common glories, of struggles begun and of sufferings endured in unison, of victories and of defeats. Of course interests are joined, but this unity of interest hinges on a unity of sentiment.

It has been repeatedly remarked that in private life common struggles and common misfortunes are necessary in order to weld two hearts intimately together: the same seems to be applicable to the lives of nations. France did not fully awaken to her own consciousness until she emerged from the terrible strain of the Hundred Years' War, while your own War of Secession proved but the ordeal through which you were to pass in order to mould securely together and to finally constitute and establish your nation.

Then it was that national faith was seen to produce heroes, precisely as religious faith, in the times of persecution, had been seen to bring forth saints. Then did France have her Joan of Arc, the admirable pasture girl, who led our armies to victory and who ended her triumphs in martyrdom; while to the State of Illinois fell the signal honor of giving to the Union that great man, so full of simplicity,

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of patience and of virtue, the immortal Lincoln. And when days of trial and sorrow dawn for the two countries, it is the sacred memory of Joan of Arc in the hearts of the French, and that of Lincoln in American breasts, which will sustain both peoples' hopes and animate their courage.

We have proven therefore that a nation is essentially a moral being, and we must logically conclude that it cannot exist without a moral and intellectual individuality.

The Church has long been the depositary and guardian of the traditions of civilized humanity; but religion is not at stake here, and three centuries have elapsed since religious conscience has become emancipated. Who then may safeguard and maintain those leading principles which constitute a nation's spirit? Individuals are unable to do this; the authority and prestige of a permanent corps are necessary; and where shall we look for this if not in Universities? It is in this respect that Universities have a truly patriotic role to play.

True, not all young men follow University courses; but the Universities may safely be said to mould the greater part and to train the greater number of those young men who are called to take the most active participation in the nation's affairs: and it is here that these young men receive from their masters the imprint of those traditions which constitute the moral unity of which we spoke

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a moment ago. They will conform to these traditions in the course of their public life, and will transmit them to their successors with that sustained continuity which fastens together successive generations as the links of a solid and substantial chain. Thus may and does each citizen realize that he is part of a whole, not alone in the present, but even in days gone and to come, and thus does he feel himself an integral part of the past as well as of the future.

You know the prevailing role played by German universities in the upbuilding of the Germanic ideal and in the revival of the Empire; while we may say, speaking of the most illustrious and most venerable of universities, that the history of the Sorbonne, in Paris, is the history of France itself.

Following the great upheaval which destroyed antique civilization in the last ruins of the Western Empire, it is in France, and particularly in the South of France, that the first signs of a renascent civilization began to manifest themselves. The latter's growth and development was rapid; and little conception is generally had of the high degree of culture attained by French civilization in the 13th century, in the days of St. Louis, or of the brilliancy which it shed on all the surrounding world. It was ruined by the misfortunes of the 14th century as well as by the Hundred Years' War; and it did not recover its former influence or expansive

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strength until the 17th and 18th centuries. The Sorbonne, the most ancient of modern universities, was the center of intellectual activity in France in the Middle Ages. Situated as it is on St. Genevieve Hill, half way between Emperor Julian's Palace and the tomb of St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris who was buried on the summit of this same hill, this aged institution of the Sorbonne seems to belong, on the one hand, to antiquity and to the philosophy thereof, on the other, to the faith of Christianity. Hither for numerous centuries students have flocked from all parts of the world to seek the bread of the Mind. Among these figured the immortal Dante; and it is one of the Sorbonne's many titles to glory that she has numbered this genius among her pupils.

Later the great Condé, and Bossuet too, received here their Doctor's degree: and in our own century as in those which have preceded it, the Sorbonne has been identified with all our intellectual controversies.

American Universities will be for the United States what German Universities have been for Germany, and what French Universities have been for France. It may be that a few centuries hence some graduate of Chicago University addressing some young university in China or Thibet, will utter with reference to this university similar words of respect and affection to those which I have spoken to you

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here, on the borders of Lake Michigan, where I am happy to recall the glories of that French University whose pupil I am proud to have been. Nature has indicated that Chicago should be in a way the central point of the United States, the chain which binds the East and the older States of the Union to the West, whose destiny it is to open to the United States on the Pacific immense future possibilities. It is here that the region of the Lakes is bound to that of the Mississippi, which is itself the very granary of the New World. Indeed in stretching out the hand on the one side to New York, and on the other to San Francisco, looking towards Canada on the north and Louisiana on the south, you become the cross-roads where the economical forces of the United States meet and are concentrated.

When history will have followed her course, the United States will have fulfilled their glorious destinies; and as it is impossible to distinguish in the course of a mighty river the waters of the various affluents which have united to form it, so will it be impossible to distinguish in the American people traces of the various races that will have been cast and merged into it.

FRANCE AS THE CHAMPION OF LIBERTY *

GENTLEMEN:

It is indeed a pleasure for me to be with you on this happy and auspicious occasion, surrounded by these gallant officers of the Duguay-Trouin who have not wished to leave your shores without visiting and without showing to the youthful aspirants of our own Navy this former parcel of France, now so brightly prospering under the sunny glow of the Amerian flag. You have become citizens of the United States; yet you have not lost sight of your origin. I am proud to greet in each one of you both an old countryman and an American, that is to say, twice a friend.

France had done much for the United States in the troubled and difficult hour of their struggle for independence: she did not do less for their future greatness on that eventful day when Napoleon, whom none could accuse of weakness, consented to a separation from you and with the foresight of

* Before the French Athenæum of New Orleans, at the reception tendered to the officers of the Duguay-Trouin, on the 26th of January, 1902.

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genius made to the new-born American Republic what amounted to a munificent gift of the whole of Louisiana.

This sacrifice was only possible because it made you citizens of a free country; for France, as you well know, whatever may have been the form of her government at home, and whatever phases of history she may have had to traverse, has always been the friend of independence and the champion of freedom.

Permit me to dwell a moment on this point. I shall not go back to the Crusades, which a Middle Age historian characterized as the *Gesta Dei per Francos*, the acts of God executed through the French; although this great movement of the Christian world which originated on the soil of our country, and among our people stirred to enthusiasm by the exhortations of a Peter the Hermit or of a St. Bernard, could only have been inspired by an ambition to relieve the world's religious conscience from the weight which oppressed it at the thought of the tomb of Christ and of its possession by the Infidels. The trend of ideas in those days was such that the work of deliverance was already proposed, and the people's mystic, warlike enthusiasm was a fitting response to the ideals of the time.

Later on, during the One Hundred Years' War, when France, half conquered, was obliged to reconquer herself, it was a maid of the people, Joan

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of Arc, who appeared and who, by her triumphs and by the martyrdom which crowned them, became the incomparable and, I was about to say, the incomprehensible heroine whose name shall ever beam forth in the annals of history as the symbol of holy struggle for national independence.

When, in the sixteenth century, Holland and Germany were combating for freedom of thought and opposed Charles V's dreams of universal domination, it was France who sustained, who encouraged and who brought to a glorious termination that Thirty Years' War which created modern Europe. It is even related that the Dutch States, grateful to our King Henry IV for the efforts which he had made to ensure their independence, invited him to devise their colors. White was the color of the royal pennant, but the king's house already wore the blue, white and red. He gave them these; and this is why the Dutch flag bears the same colors as our own, the same as that of the United States. They are indeed the colors of liberty.

The time came when Portugal sought to throw off the Spanish yoke, forced upon it by Philip II. Richelieu sent a French army to its support, which ensured the success of Braganza. I may even tell you an anecdote which has been related in connection with this war. It seems that among our generals who led this army of Portugal there was a

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general by the name of Chavigny, who afterwards became a Marshal of France. It happened one day, as he passed under the balcony of a certain convent, that a nun saw him who could not refrain from admiring and becoming enamored of him. He responded to her love; and when at last the moment had come for him to leave Portugal she wrote him letters which have been preserved to this date; they are letters admirable of tenderness, the collection of which endures even now as one of the master-pieces of amorous literature.

Mazarin followed Richelieu's example. Naples one day revolted against Spain. A certain fisherman by the name of Mazaniello placed himself at the head of the Neapolitan people and expelled from the city the Spanish Viceroy, the Duke d'Arcos, an ancestor of my dear friend and colleague who now represents the kingdom of Spain at Washington. Immediately from the harbor of Marseilles sailed a fleet commanded by the last of the dukes of Guise, who was to bring the Neapolitan insurgents the helpful concourse of a French army. When this army arrived it was already too late. This Mazaniello was but a demagogue, who, as most demagogues, had not been great enough to bear his own success, and whom one week of triumph had frenzied with pride and with folly. This incident has passed into the domain of art. It has furnished a theme to one of the most celebrated

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operas of the last century, the Mute of Portici, by Auber; and it was after a performance of the Mute in Brussels, in the year 1830, that the followers of Brabante inaugurated with their songs the Belgian revolution.

The fact is that we derived little benefit from our intervention in Portugal, and from the Duke of Guise's expedition: a few love epistles, known as The Portuguese Letters, and an opera, this is all that remains to us of these episodes. But we do not regret to meet in the history of France these romanesque souvenirs and these graceful relics.

It was at this time that the son of Henry IV, the duke de Beaufort, the popular King of the Halles, sallied forth to Cyprus for the defense of Christendom against the Turk, and found here a heroic and glorious death.

Finally, Louis XIV himself looked with favor on the enterprise of his nobles who offered their swords to his adversary the Emperor of Germany to aid him repel the last attack of the Mussulmans; and it was La Feuillade leading the French chivalry in that famous charge who ensured the triumph of Austria at the battle of St. Gothard.

I shall not speak to you of the efforts, reckless at times, made by France in order to safeguard the independence of Poland. I shall only remind you that France was the first nation, at the end of the 18th century, to grant civil rights and privileges

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to the Israelites and to admit them in the number of her citizens.

In our century, while our fleets at Navarino fought side by side with the Russians and British on behalf of Greece, it was the Morée expedition, sent by the king Charles X, which finally secured the triumph of Grecian independence.

The Algiers expedition was undertaken in order to ensure the freedom of the seas and to purge the Mediterranean of those pirates who were the shame and disgrace of the 19th century. Thanks to this enterprise the United States were liberated from the annual sum which they were obliged to pay the dey of Algiers, and which to the latter always assumed the guise of a tribute.

In 1830 Belgium, as I stated a moment ago, determined to regain her independence. She rose up in arms. A French army marched upon Antwerp, and took this citadel after a siege which the Dutch, under General Chassé, sustained heroically. That day a new people was born to freedom.

Shall I speak to you of Italy? More than 100,000 Frenchmen died in the plains of Lombardy, in 1859, that she might recover her independence; and in union with the Italians we reverently celebrate the anniversaries of Magenta and of Solferino.

And when, in 1860, came that appeal to Europe from the Christians of the Orient who were being

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massacred by the Kurds, it was a French army corps that received the mandate to go forth and, for the honor of humanity, to rescue peace and order from the Syrian torch.

Since then indeed France has been compelled to devote her attention to her own interests; but can we fail to see in this succession of events which I have retraced with you, and which throughout the course of the centuries present themselves ever in the same light and with the same characteristics, a sign and a proof of that constant and persevering liberating spirit which is the most essential trait of our nation, and which, all in all, has more than any other fact in history contributed to the casting and moulding of modern Europe? Napoleon himself who upheaved it, and who seemed bent solely on a work of domination, continued the work of the Revolution, and his soldiers ploughed up Europe that they might sow everywhere the seeds of liberty and of equality which, as principles of the only true democracy, are now putting forth on all sides their victorious blossoms.

My object in bringing before your minds these recollections from the past, these facts and events which are met with through the centuries, though they are so far detached from the politics of to-day and more so still from the politics of to-morrow, was to trace for you with one clear and salient stroke the history of the French people. It is easy

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thus to understand, without the aid of selfish explanatory motives, the enthusiasm of a Lafayette and the wisdom of a Vergennes as they brought and proffered to Washington the much-needed intervention of France. The latter in this instance again, only observed and followed her own traditions.

We, each one of us, gentlemen, carry in us something of our own country, and are heirs in a small measure of all the centuries which have preceded us. And when I think of you, Frenchmen by origin and American citizens, you who can extend the hand of fellowship to the descendants of those first settlers who came over from France to survey the course of the Mississippi and to mark it with French posts all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, who founded all these cities which even now bear the French names by which they first became known, St. Louis, Des Moines, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, I cannot but believe that something of your original character has penetrated the American temperament, and particularly that of those Western States whereof your forefathers were the earliest pioneers.

This to me is the secret of those outbursts of enthusiasm which bring the American so near to the French democracy; and I realize that there exists between them something beyond a community of political views, something more than a common de-

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sire for a mutual economic understanding, that there exists something akin to an affinity which permits us to think and to feel alike. For my part, I find in this fact a sanction to ideas which are dearest to me: when two nations thus cherish one same ideal, it must be that this ideal is good and just, since it responds as well to the traditions of yesterday as to the hopes of to-morrow.

FRANCE AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE*

GENTLEMEN:

You have found it natural that the representative of France should have his place among you on this auspicious occasion. For this I wish to thank you and your esteemed President, Governor Carroll, whose name has become endeared to all those who are versed in the history of your country. The children of France are indeed, like yourselves, sons of the Revolution; your final independence was but the fruit of the combined efforts of both nations; and it is just therefore that we should celebrate together those immortal souvenirs which remain our common heritage.

In truth, nothing could be more appropriate than this joint celebration. I have heard it stated repeatedly that France, in giving support to your nascent republic, was not obeying a generous impulse of sympathy for the cause of liberty that you were upholding, but saw and seized therein

* Address delivered at the banquet of the Sons of the Revolution, in Washington, D. C., on April 19th, 1902.

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an opportunity of weakening a rival whom for centuries she had been combating.

There are in this world men of unfortunate temperaments who cannot believe that sincerity ever plays a part in the promptings of the human heart: they delight in searching and devising selfish and interested motives to explain and to discount the most generous acts. I, for my part, know of no meaner spirit than this, of no tendency more misleading, more productive of injustice and of error. Thus to view and to judge the intervention of France on behalf of the United States is to possess a narrow and incorrect understanding of history. Nations, like private individuals, must be judged by their acts, and not by such intentions or motives as may afterwards be attributed them. Who indeed can pretend to judge the intentions of men? Who can pretend to probe human conscience? War, under whatever conditions it be waged, must ever be a risk uncertain in results, and, all critics and criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding, one cannot eliminate the imprudence or deny the high-mindedness involved in the affronting for justice's sake of the hazardous perils of war and in actively championing the cause of the weak. Indeed it is nothing short of a travesty on history to characterize as a selfish enterprise that earnest, enthusiastic movement which brought to America, on the crest of its tidal wave, all those young noblemen,

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the flower of our chivalry, the Chastellux, the la Roveries, the Lauzuns, the La Fayettes, and so many others. They were forsaking their own careers; they were risking capture at the hands of your enemies, who would have treated them not as regular soldiers and prisoners of war but as common adventurers; and yet they were happy to sacrifice all for you, and brought to you with them an earnest expression of the sentiments of France for your nation.

The French Government itself, like all Governments, was more deliberate in its resolutions and in its manifestations of sympathy on your behalf; but it opened its ports wide to you even before it had publicly proclaimed itself your ally; it furnished you arms, vessels and money, which made it possible for your forefathers to maintain the struggle even in the face of ill-fortune. And when finally the King, Louis XVI, threw for you into the scale the sword of France, our soldiers fought and bled with yours on American battle-fields. This is of common knowledge; what is not generally remembered is that they fought for you and without you in all other parts of the world. If the French army succeeded in crossing the Atlantic, if Yorktown was finally forced to succumb, if de Grasse at length vanquished the British fleet in the bay of Chesapeake, this was all because the English Navy found itself engaged in the Mediterranean where our

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sailors were capturing Mahon; because in the Indian seas Suffren was annihilating, one after another, each of the successive squadrons which England sent forth to oppose him. These potent diversions it was which made possible and ensured the final triumph of American liberty. When the war ended, France had lost 25,000 men, soldiers and sailors, and had spent one billion four hundred million pounds, that is to say, two hundred and eighty million dollars, all of which she gladly released you from reimbursing. In all justice then might well Washington write to Rochambeau these words: "To the generous aid of your nation and to the bravery of its sons is to be ascribed, in a very great degree, that independence for which we have fought."

If I now recall these memories, it is because, as you will readily believe, gentlemen, there are none in which my country takes greater pride; your glory is our own glory.

I need not seek further evidence of the deep-rooted sentiment and interest borne you by the French nation than the persistency with which, for more than a century, she has participated in all acts and events which have contributed to your territorial development.

It was the treaty of Versailles, in 1783, which organized and created the United States; and it was a French sloop which brought to Boston the first announcement of this convention.

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A few years elapsed, and in 1803 Napoleon himself, in Paris, divining in a flash of genius the unprecedented future which was to be yours, hesitated not to far more than satisfy the wishes of your envoys plenipotentiary, whose request did not extend beyond a cession of the city of New Orleans. He ceded to you the entire course of the Mississippi, and thus opened access for you to the Caribbean Sea and to the Pacific Ocean.

Later on, the year 1812 found you once more facing the foe whom we had fought together in the days of Washington. Once more Great Britain was powerless to move her whole forces against you, for she was caught fast in the vice-like grip of a struggle which extended over the entire surface of the globe, a most tragic and terrible conflict with the greatest and mightiest of military captains. Though we were not indeed allied, we were none the less contending against the same adversary, and thus indirectly we aided each other.

Finally, when your youthful and vigorous nation, chafing within the already too narrow limits of this vast continent of North America, launched out into the open beyond and set forth upon that war which, now five years since, left you in possession of Porto Rico and Manila, was it not France again who proved the intermediary of your development; was not hers the first word of peace, and was not Paris the scene of that treaty which brought

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within the field of your civilizing influence new and immense domains beyond the seas?

So that in 1783, in 1803, in 1898, France was present and participated as your witness in the greatest and most important acts of your national existence.

Beyond a doubt, we are brought here face to face with something more than pure chance, with something better than a mere fortuitous combination of circumstances: this continuity of good will and of services is significant of the deep and close sympathy which unites the two peoples. And such sentiments are too unusual between nations, such sentiments are too rare in the history of humanity for us to fail to appreciate all their worth, or not to manifest our noble purpose to ever remain faithful to this traditional affection. We shall engrave on the granite which is to bear the statue of Rochambeau the words spoken to him by Washington as the latter bade him farewell and godspeed: "We have been contemporaries and fellow laborers in the cause of liberty, and we have lived together, as brothers should do, in harmonious friendship."

But more deeply and more indelibly still than on the granite itself are these sentiments engraved in the heart of France; and her children will ever recall to those of the United States: "We have lived and we always will live together as brothers in harmonious friendship."

UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF MARSHAL DE ROCHAMBEAU*

THE art of France and the generosity of the Congress of the United States are joining this day in the erection of a monument to the memory of Marshal de Rochambeau. This is a fitting tribute paid to the French military leader who fought under Washington for America's independence. But a short time since the American people had already consecrated the glorious memory of those young and enthusiastic French patriots who, fired with an inspiration which but echoed the silent wish of the entire French nation, had from the very dawn of the struggle brought their swords with Lafayette to the service of the thirteen colonies. It was just that honor should be rendered also to those warriors who came hither by order of the Government of France, and who, knowing their duty, fulfilled without reserve and insured the final success of the patriotic enterprise. In the person of Rochambeau we glorify, jointly with their com-

* Address delivered at Washington, D. C., May 24th, 1902.

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mander, the army of France, its regiments, its officers unknown, its obscure soldiery.

It is a signal honor for me to speak here as Ambassador of the French Republic and to express to you all to-day, who represent here the Executive, the Judiciary, the Congress and the people of the United States, our appreciation of the homage which you are now paying to the man who carried to their closing triumph the fleur de lys of ancient France. To-day the French Republic sends you a mission which is headed by the most eminent of our general officers, General Brugère. We must behold in him the French army and navy advancing, with a sort of national piety, to celebrate the memory of their elders, devotees, like them, of liberty.

Rochambeau was a strict disciplinarian, a severe and courageous commander, careful of the lives of his men; he was wont at times to remark to the young men around him that during the long course of his military career fifteen thousand men had died under him, but that he could not reproach himself with the death of a single one of these. Thus he earned for our army the esteem of your people, and for himself won the affection and devotion of your great Washington.

Hence it is that this monument, which at first seems only destined to evoke the recollection of warlike deeds, becomes, by the character of the struggle which it recalls and of the man whom it

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glorifies, a monument and a pledge of union between two nations. To-day, just as they did one hundred and twenty years ago, the soldiers and sailors of France and of the United States stand side by side; they surround this monument, they march under one and the same command; they blend in one common chord their national hymns, and in celebrating their common glory they give the world an example of fidelity in friendship.

This friendship you have proven to us. The French Antilles have just suffered the shock of a tragic event, of a catastrophe the like of which the world had not witnessed for twenty centuries. The President of the United States, Congress and the American people have vied in generosity and promptness to send relief to our stricken countrymen. Permit me to avail myself of this solemn occasion and to thank publicly, in the name of my Government and country, you yourself, Mr. President, and the entire population of these United States.

You have shown by this act that something new had taken birth between the nations, that they may be united by a bond of disinterested sympathy and of mutual good will, and that those ideals of justice and of liberty for which our fathers fought and bled together one hundred and twenty years since had really borne fruit in the hearts of men.

A little more humanity has won its way into

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international relations, and three years ago we beheld representatives from all nations gathered together to devise means of ensuring the maintenance of peace between all powers. It is a happy coincidence that even while I am speaking here, the generous young sovereign who had summoned the peace conference at the Hague, and the President of the French Republic, are together in St. Petersburg. Thus may we behold everywhere, even in the remotest regions of the earth, a manifest expression of the same sentiments of union by and between the highest and supreme representatives of nations.

Nor are these mere barren manifestations. The world, gradually gaining in self-consciousness, begins to frown more and more severely at those who seek to disturb its peace; and when we measure the work accomplished and the advance made since Washington and Rochambeau fought together for the good of humanity, we may well conclude that they have not combated in vain.

The present monument shall bear witness to this fact, and shall endure as a symbol thereof in the eyes of generations to come.

THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

A great many of you, of course, have been to France ; but I feel certain that the majority of you visited only Paris, and perhaps Aix-les-Bains or Monte Carlo. You are not acquainted with the genuine people of France. I desire to say a few words to you about the latter.

Our peasants are amiable fellows, with whom, I, for my part, like very much to converse. They possess a fund of common sense and of humor, of raillery, which makes of them natural philosophers, while their wit has that same soft earth flavor as those old wine-flasks which have stored in their hold all the accumulated warmth of a summer's mellowing sun. I remember passing one day through a small village of Bugey, during the vintage season. The good village people were all gathered in the wine-press, the little children looked on somewhat

* Address delivered at the Memorial Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., introducing Mr. A. Croizet, Dean of the Faculty of Letters of the Sorbonne, on the 31st day of May, 1902.

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awed, while the old folks, as in times gone by, stood encouraging the young who turned the screw in order to crush the grapes. I walked up to them; the moment was solemn; the first wine of the year was about to flow from the vat. An old man received this in a glass. He had caught sight of me. He came to me, and doffing his cap, said: "Sir, you are a stranger among us; do us the honor of sampling the first glass of our new vintage. This will bring good luck to the whole vat full."

I took the glass from his hand, and withdrew after having drained it. I have often since thought of this old man, and the memory of his greeting has recurred to me clothed in a garb antique as hospitality, and marked with that grace which ancient races alone can claim to possess who know the price of repose and the value of leisure.

I have found that from this old peasant, who for so many years has watched the Rhone and its eddies whirl past the foot of the hillock whereon his vine is planted, my fancies, in spite of myself, have wandered back to the land of Greece. This day again the memory of this land has loomed up before me. You will understand this quite readily, when I remind you that Mr. Croizet, the Dean of our old Sorbonne, is one of our pre-eminent Hellenists. You are about to hear him; and it may be

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that you will discover, blended together in his words, the spirit of olden France and that of Greece herself; thus formerly in Athens did they perfume and flavor with the honey of Attica the borders of a cup filled with generous wine.

Mr. Croizet will tell you of French learning and erudition, which have furnished science with such men as Champollion and Burnouf. I am inclined to deplore the tendency of those gentlemen who come from France on lecturing tours in the United States; they speak to you of nothing outside of our literature; it would seem that the French were exclusively a nation of artists. I hold art in the highest esteem; but I should welcome one who acquainted you with other features of our national existence, who unrolled before you the history of mathematical sciences in France, who told you of Descartes and of Pascal, of Maupertuis and of d'Alembert, of Laplace and Poincaré. I should like to have you told the history of the natural sciences among us, to hear at least mentioned to you the name of Lavoisier, the father of modern chemistry, of Cuvier, of Claude Bernard, and even of Pasteur.

I was visiting one day the Congressional Library in Washington, and I noted that of all the bronze statues which adorn the large reading hall of this edifice not one was the effigy of a son of France.—I could not suppress a feeling of regret

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and indeed of astonishment at this omission; and this is why I now seize this opportunity of citing to you a few of those great names which figure among the greatest in the history of humanity.

FAREWELL BANQUET *

GENTLEMEN:

I could not express in words my deep and heartfelt appreciation of your generous and cordial reception. I cannot thank sufficiently Senator Depew, my good friend Mr. Hyde, and you yourselves, gentlemen, the representative men of the United States, for this more than kind manifestation on your part. Yet must I note that my pleasure in being with you to-night is not unmixed with melancholy over the thought of leaving the United States and my American friends.

Senator Depew remarked, a few moments ago, that I had succeeded in penetrating different American circles, and perhaps in modifying somewhat the opinion of my country which existed in the American mind. It is a fact that nothing could be more gratifying to me than these assurances of good will and of friendship which I am leaving in the United States.

* Address at the farewell banquet tendered Mr. Cambon in New York, on November 10th, 1902. In response to the toast proposed in his honor.

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However, gentlemen, I fully realize the fact that, whatever portion of these kind remarks be addressed to me personally, and whatever portion of them be reserved for the official person of the Ambassador, the latter's acts and doings bear genuine value, they are of real importance only in so far as they remain a true and faithful expression of the sentiments of his own country. And permit me to add that of the flattering applause which greeted the too flattering remarks of Senator Depew, I only wish to consider and to bear in mind that part which is intended for France, because I have never done anything but in truthful representation of her sentiments, of her sympathy and of her friendship for the United States.

For the constant association of France with you, through all important phases of your history, has not been the fortuitous result of a happy but blind coincidence.

If on all these occasions the two peoples have always stood side by side, without ever a serious misunderstanding, without ever a divergence or conflict of political tenets, the bond has been something more than mere political interests. It has been a common and constant blending of our two histories.

I have felt the conviction that such was the case, and that the diplomacy of to-day should not resemble that of the sixteenth, seventeenth and

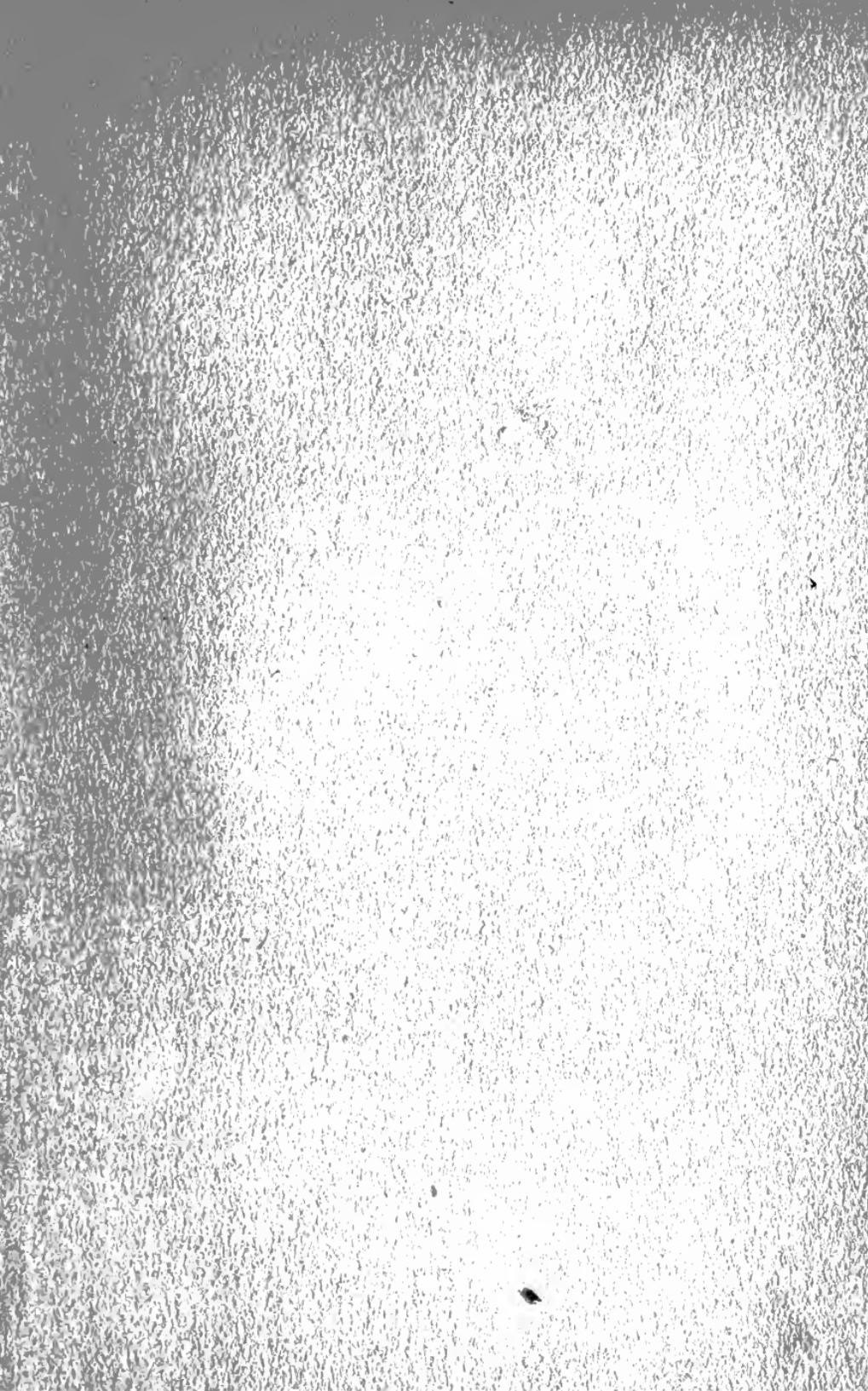


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eighteenth centuries, for the nations of the present are linked together by something more than purely political ties, by something stronger and more durable than commercial interests; while in particular two Republics which pursue the same end of government by the people and for the people, though their institutions may differ, must be bound by ties different from those which unite other countries one to another; and this is why I have thought it my duty to remind the American people of the similarity which exists exclusively between French and American democracy.

Hence it is that you have seen me traversing the continent, instead of remaining solely in Washington, and hence it is that you have seen me visiting your Universities, where is being cultivated and developed this great American democracy.

If I have had the good fortune to succeed in this task, you must render all honor to my country, to the sentiments of my countrymen, to the kind sympathy which you have ever manifested for me, all of which considerations are very much above and of very much greater significance than the personality of the man who is about to return to France and than the most precious and grateful memories which he is about to carry with him.



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